

M I D A S:

A N

K

English Burletta.

In TWO ACTS.

As it is performed, at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

P. H. A. M.

The SECOND EDITION, with ALTERATIONS.

L O N D O N:

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W. I. D. A. 23

A. M.

English Butter

1840

THE ROYAL



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Dramatis Personæ.

Jupiter,	Mr. Legg.
Juno,	Mrs. Stephens.
Apollo,	Mr. Mattocks.
Pan,	Mr. Dunstall.

M O R T A L S.

Midas,	Mr. Shuter.
Damætas,	Mr. Dibdin.
Sileno,	Mr. Beard.
Myfis,	Miss Poitier.
Daphne,	Mrs. Baker.
Nysa,	Mrs. Mattocks.

SCENE, *first on mount Olympus, afterwards
on the pastures of Lydia.*

M I D A S.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

The curtain rising discovers the Heathen Deities, seated amidst the clouds, in full council : they address Jupiter in chorus, accompanied by all the instruments.

Chorus of all the Gods.

JOVE, in his chair,
Of the sky Lord-May'r,
With his nods
Men and Gods
Keeps in awe,
When he winks
Heaven shrinks,
When he speaks
Hell squeaks,
Earth's globe is but his taw.
Cock of the school
He bears despotic rule,
His word
Tho' absurd
Must be law.

B

Even

*Even fate
 Tho' so great,
 Must not prate,
 His bald pate
 Jove would cuff,
 He's so bluff,
 For a straw.
 Cow'd deities
 Like mice, in cheese
 To stir must cease,
 Or gnaw.*

Jup. (rising.) Immortals, you have heard your plaintive sover'n
 And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern
 Brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
 On our commands? we'll make him an example.
 As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
 We'll make you to your cost, know—we're your emperor.

Juno. I'll take the law. (*to Jup.*) My proctor, with
 a summons

Shall cite you, sir, t'appear at Doctor's Commons.

Jup. Let him—but first I'll chase from Heaven yon varlet.

Juno. What, for detecting you and your vile harlot?

A I R. II.

*Think not lewd Jove
 Thus to wrong my chaste love,
 For spite of your rakehelly godhead,
 By day and by night,
 Juno will have her right,
 Nor be, of dues nuptial, defrauded.
 I'll ferrit the haunts
 Of your female gallants,
 In vain you in darkness enclose them,
 Your favourite jades,
 I'll plunge to the spades,
 Or into cows metamorphose them.*

Jup. Peace termagant, I swear by Styx---our thunder

Shall hurl him to the earth, nay never wonder,
I've sworn it, gods.

Apollo. Hold, hold, have patience

Papa---No bowels for your own relations !

A I R. III.

*Be by your friends advised,
Too harsh, too hasty dad !
Maugre your bolts, and wise head,
The world will think you mad.*

*What worse can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring bucks, when drunk,
Then break the lamps, beat watchmen
And stagger to some punk.*

Jup. You saucy scoundrel---there fir---come Disorder,

Down Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no farther.
Roll, thunders, roll, blue lightnings flash about him,
The blab shall find our sky can do without him.

Thunder and lightning. Jupiter darts a bolt at him, he falls.—Jupiter re-assumes his throne, and the Gods all ascend together, singing the initial chorus.

Jove in his chair, &c.

S C E N E II.

A champaign country with a distant village; violent storm of thunder and lightning. A shepherd sleeping in the field is roused by it and runs away frightened, leaving his cloak, hat, and guittar, behind him. Apollo (as cast from heaven) falls to the earth, with a rude shock, and lies for a while stunn'd: at length he begins to move, rises, advances, and looking forward speaks. After which, enter to him Sileno.

Apol. Zooks! what a crush! a pretty decent tumble! Kind usage, Mr. Jove---sweet sir your humble. Well, down, I am;---no bones broke---tho' fore pepper'd!

Here doom'd to stay.---What can I do?---turn shepherd. *[Puts on the cloak, &c.]*

A lucky thought.---In this disguise, Apollo? No more, but *Pol* the swain, some flock I'll follow. Nor doubt I, with my voice, guittar, and person, Among the nymphs to kick up some diversion.

Sileno. Whom have we here! a sightly clown!-- and sturdy!

Hum---plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy. Seems out of place---a stranger,---all in tatters, I'll hire him---he'll divert my wife and daughters.---Whence, and what art thou boy?

Pol. An orphan lad, sir;

Pol is my name;---a shepherd once my dad, sir; I'th' upper parts here---tho' not born to serving, I'll now take on, for faith I'm almost starving.

Sileno. You've drawn a prize i'th' lottery.---So have I too;

Why, --- I'm the master you could best apply to.

A I R

A I R IV.

*Since you mean to hire for service,
Come with me, you jolly dog,
You can help to bring home harvest,
Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.
Fa la la.*

*With three crowns, your standing wages,
You shall daintily be fed;
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
Butter-milk, and oaten-bread.
Fa la la.*

*Come strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home,
And when daily labour's over
We'll all dance to your strum, strum.
Fa la la.*

*Pol. I strike hands, I take your offer,
Farther on, I may fare worse,
Zooks, I can no longer suffer,
Hungry guts, and empty purse.
Fa la la.*

Sil. Do, strike hands; 'tis kind I offer,

Pol. I strike hands, and take your offer,

Sil. Farther seeking you'll fare worse.

Pol. Farther on I may fare worse,

Sil. Pity such a lad should suffer,

Pol. Zooks, I can no longer suffer,

Sil. Hungry guts, and empty purse.

Pol. Hungry guts, and empty purse.

Fa la la.

Exeunt, dancing, and singing.

C

SCENE

S C E N E III.

S I L E N O ' s Farm House.

Enter Daphne and Nyfa, Myfis following behind.

Daph. But *Nyfa*, how goes on squire Midas' courtship?

Nys. Your sweet *Damætas*, pimp to his great worship,

Brought me from him a purse;—but the conditions—
—I've cur'd him, I believe, of such commissions.

Daph. The moon-calf! this must blast him with my father.

Nys. Right. So we're rid of the two frights together.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!—Ha! ha! ha!

Myf. Hey-day! what mare's nest's found?—For ever grinning;

Ye rantipoles—it's thus you mind your spinning?

A I R V.

*Girls are known
To mischief prone;
If ever they be idle.
Who would rear
Two daughters fair,
Must hold a steady bridle:
For here they skip,
And there they trip,
And this and that way side.
Giddy maids,
Poor silly jades,
All after men are gadding;
They flirt pell-mell,
Their train to swell,
To coxcomb, coxcomb adding:
To ev'ry fop
They're cock-a-hoop
And set their mothers madding.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Sileno introducing Pol.

Sil. Now, dame, and girls, no more let's hear you grumble

At too hard toil :—I chanc'd, just now, to stumble,
On this stout drudge,—and hir'd him—fit for labour.
To'm lad—then he can play and sing and caper.

Myf. Fine rubbish to bring home, a strolling thrummer!

(to Pol) What art thou good for? speak, thou ragged mummer.

Nys. Mother, for shame—

Myf. Peace, saucebox, or I'll maul you.

Pol. Goody, my strength and parts you under value.
For his and your work, I am brisk and handy.

Daph. A sad cheat else—

Myf. What you, you jack-a-dandy?

A I R VI.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue:

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?

Remember when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong.

A stranger why will you despise?

Ply me

Try me

Prove, ere you deny me,

If you cast me

Off, you blast me

Never more to rise.

S C E N E V.

Enter Myfis, Sileno, Nysa, Daphne.

Myf. Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing.

Nys. With what sweet temper he bears all her snubbing! *(aside)*

Sil. Oons, no more words---go boy, and get your dinner.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Fye, why so cross grain'd to a young beginner?

Nys. So modest!

Daph. So genteel!

Sil. (to *Myf.*) Not pert, nor lumpish.

Myf. Would he were hang'd!

Nys. and *Daph.* La! mother, why so frumpish?

A I R VII.

Nys. *Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd,
To the gentle, handsome swain?*

Daph. *To a lad, so limb'd, so featur'd,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.*

Sure 'tis cruel, &c.

Myf. *Girls for you my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account:*

Syl. *Wife, in vain you teize and vex me,
I will rule depend upon't.*

Nys. *Ah! ah!*

Daph. *Mama!*

Nys. and } *Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd,*

Daph. } *Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd and featur'd?*

Nys. and } *To the gentle, handsome swain,*

Daph. } *Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,*

Nys. and } *Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,*

Daph. } *To the gentle, handsome swain.*

Myf. *Girls, for you my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account.*

Sil. *Wife, in vain you teize and vex me,
I will rule depend upon't.*

Nys. } *Mama*

Myf. } *Psha! Pshaw!*

Daph. } *Papa*

Sil. } *Ah! ah!*

Daph. } *Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd,*

Sil. } *Psha, psha, you must not be so ill-natur'd;*

Nys. } *Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd, so featur'd,*

Daph.

Daph.	}	<i>To the gentle handsome swain,</i>
Sil.		<i>He's a gentle handsome swain,</i>
Nyf.	}	<i>Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,</i>
Myf.		<i>'Tis my pleasure to give pain.</i>
Daph.	}	<i>Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,</i>
Sil.		<i>He's a gentle handsome swain,</i>
Nyf.	}	<i>To the gentle handsome swain,</i>
Myf.		<i>To your odious fav'rite swain.</i>

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Midas and Dametas.**Mid.* Nyfa, you say, refus'd the guineas British.*Dam.* Ah ! please your worship---she is wond'rous skittish.*Mid.* I'll have her, cost what 'twill, oddsbobs--I'll force her---*Dam.* The halter---*Mid.* As for madam, I'll divorce her.---

Some favour'd lout in cog our blifs opposes,

Dam. Ay, *Pol*, the hind, puts out of joint our noses.*Mid.* I've heard of that *Pol*'s tricks,---of his fly tamperingTo fling poor *Pan*, but I'll soon send him scampering.

'Sblood, I'll commit him---drive him to the gallows !

Where is old *Pan* ?*Dam.* Tipling, Sir, at th' ale-house.*Mid.* Run, fetch him---we shall hit on some expedient---To rout this *Pol*.*Dam.* I fly, (*going returns*) Sir, your obedient.*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Mid. What boots my being Squire,
 Justice of Peace, and Quorum?
 Church-warden---knight o'th' shire,
 And Custos Rotulorum?
 If saucy little *Nysa's* heart rebellious,
 My squireship flights, and hankers after fel-
 lows?

A I R VIII.

*Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,
 Dare my amours to crass?*
*Shall a peasant minx, when justice Midas wooes,
 Her nose up at him tofs?*
No: I'll kidnap---then possess her.
*I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange,
 So glut to the height of pleasure,
 My love and my revenge.*
No, I'll kidnap, &c. *Exit.*

S C E N E IX.

Pan is discover'd sitting at a table, with a tankard,
 pipes, and tobacco before him, his bagpipes lying
 by him,

A I R IX.

Pan. Jupiter wenches and drinks,
 He rules the roast in the sky,
 Yet he's a fool if he thinks
 That he's as happy as I.
 Juno rates him
 And grates him,
 And leads his highness a weary life;
 I have my lass,
 And my glass,
 And strole a bachelor's merry life.

*Let him fluster
And bluster,
Yet cringe to his harridan's furbella;
To my fair tulips,
I glew lips,
And clink the cannikin here below.*

S C E N E X.

DAMETAS, PAN.

Dam. There sits the old soaker——his pate trou-
bling little

How the world wags—so he gets drink and vittle:
Ho, master Pan!—Gad you've trod on a thistle!
You may pack up your all, sir, and go whistle.
The wenches have turn'd tail---to yon buck-ranter,
Tickled by his guittar—they scorn your chanter.

A I R X.

All around the maypole how they trot,

Hot

Pot,

And good ale have got;

Routing,

Shouting,

At you flouting,

Fleering,

Jeering,

And what not.

There is old Sileno frisks like a mad

Lad

Glad

To see us sad,

Cap'ring,

Vap'ring,

While Pol, scraping,

Coaxes

The lasses

As he did the dad.

SCENE

S C E N E XI.

MYSIS, PAN.

Myf. O Pan! the devil to pay—both my flutes
frantic!

Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antic.
But I'll go seek 'em all—and If I find 'em,
I'll drive 'em—as if Old Nick were behind 'em.

[Going.]

Pan. Soa, soa—don't flounce;
Avast—disguise your fury.
Pol we shall trounce.
Midas is judge and jury.

A I R XI.

Myf. Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,
To see my purposes thus counteracted!
This way or that way, or which way soever,
All things run contrary to my endeavour.

Daughters projecting
Their ruin and shame,
Fathers neglecting
The care of their fame,
Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;
Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E XII.

*A wood and lawn, near Sileno's farm, flocks grazing at
a distance,---a tender slow symphony. Daphne crosses
melancholic and silent; Nyfa watching her.*

[Then Daphne returns running.]

Nyfa. O ho'! is it so—Miss *Daphne* in the dumps,
Mum—snug's the word—I'll lead her such a dance
Shall make her stir her stumps.

To all her secret haunts,
Like her shadow, I'll follow and watch her:
And, faith, mama shall hear on't if I catch her.

[retires.]

Daph. La! how my heart goes pit-a-pat! what
thumping
E'er since my father brought us home this bumpkin.

A I R XII.

*He's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er slept in leather shoe;
And, what's better, he'll love me too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.
Tho' my sister casts a Hawk's eye
I defy what she can do,
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.*

*Hither I stole out to meet him,
He'll no doubt, my steps pursue,
If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;
If he's false,—I'll fit him too.*

S C E N E XIII.

Daphne, Pol.

Pol. Think o' the devil—'tis said,
He's at your shoulder—
This wench was running in my head;
And pop—behold her,

A I R XIII.

*Lovely nymph assuage my anguish;
At your feet a tender swain
Prays you will not let him languish,
One kind look would ease his pain.
Did you know the lad who courts you
He not long needs sue in vain;
Prince of song, of dance, of sports---you
Scarce will meet his like again.*

D

Daph.

Daph. Sir ; you're such an oglio,
 Of perfection in folio,
 No damsel can resist you :
 Your face so attractive,
 Limbs so supple and active,
 That by this light,
 At the first sight,
 I could have run and kifs'd you.

A I R XIV.

*If you can caper, as well as you modulate,
 With the addition of that pretty face,
 Pan, who was held by our shepherds a God o' late ;
 Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.*

*His beard so frowsy, his gestures so awkward are
 And his bagpipe has so drowsy a drone,
 That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
 You may count on all the girls as your own.*

Myf. (from within) Pol, Pol, make haste, come
 ther.

Pol. Death, what a time to call,
 Oh ! rot your old lungs of leather.

Daph. B'ye *Daph*,
 B'ye *Pol*.

S C E N E XIV.

Nyfa, Daphne.

Nyf. Marry come up, forsooth,
 Is't me, you forward vixen,
 You choose to play your tricks on ?
 And could your liquorish tooth
 Find none but my sweetheart to fix on ?

Daph. Marry come up again.
 Indeed ! my dirty cousin !
 Have you a right to every swain ?

Nyf. Ay, tho' a dozen.

A I R XV.

Daph. *My minikin miss, do you fancy that Pol
Can ever be caught by an infant's dol?*

Nys. *Can you, miss Maypole, suppose he will fall
In love with the giantess of Guild-hall?*

Daph. *Pigmy elf,*

Nys. *Colossus itself,*

Both. *You will lie till you're mouldy upon the shelf.*

Daph. *You stump o'th' gutter, you hop o'my thumb,
A husband for you must from Lilliput come.*

Nys. *You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,
Your husband must come from Brogdignag.*

Daph. *Sour grapes,*

Nys. *Lead apes,*

Both. *I'll humble your vanity, mistress Trapes.*

Daph. *Miss your assurance*

Nys. *And miss your high airs*

Daph. *Is past all indurance*

Nys. *Are at their last pray'rs.*

Daph. *No more of those freedoms miss Nysa, I beg,*

Nys. *Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a peg.*

Daph. } *Poor spite!*

Nys. } *Pride hurt!*

Daph. } *Liver white!*

Nys. } *Rare sport!*

Daph. } *Do, shew your teeth, spitfire, do, but you can't bite.*

Nys. } *This haughtiness soon will be laid in the dirt.*

Poor spite! &c.

Pride hurt! &c.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

D 2

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A GROVE.

Enter Nyfa followed by Midas.

Mid. **T**URN, tygres, turn; nay fly not—
 I have thee at a why not.
 How comes it, little Nyfy,
 That heart to me so icy
 Should be to Pol like tinder
 Burnt up t'a very cinder?

Nys. Sir, to my virtue ever steady,
 Firm as a rock
 I scorn your shock,
 But why this attack?
 A miss can you lack
 Who have a wife already?

Mid. Ay there's the curse—but she is old and sickly
 And would my Nyfa grant the favour quickly,
 Would she yield now—I swear by the Lord Harry
 The moment madam's coffin'd—Her I'll marry.

A I R I.

*O what pleasures will abound
 When my wife is laid in ground
 Let earth cover her,
 We'll dance over her
 When my wife is laid in ground.*

*Oh how happy should I be
 Would little Nyfa pig with me.
 How I'd mumble her,
 Tousse and tumble her
 Would little Nyfa pig with me.*

Nyfa

Nysa. Young birds alone are caught with chaff,
At your base scheme I laugh,

Mid. Yet take my vows.—

Nys. I would not take your bond, fir,—

Mid. Half my estate—

Nys. No, nor the whole,—my fond fir.

A I R II.

*Ne'er will I be left i' th' lurch,
Cease your bribes and wheedling:
'Till I'm made a bride i' th' church
I'll keep man from meddling.*

What are riches

And soft speeches?

Baits and fetches,

To bewitch us:

When you've won us

And undone us,

Cloy'd you shun us

Frowning on us,

For our heedless pidling.

[Exit,

S C E N E II.

Midas, then Pan and Pol, listening.

Mid. Well, master Pol I'll tickle,
For him, at least, I have a rod in pickle:
When he's in limbo

Not thus our hoity toity miss

Will stick her arms a kimbo.

Pan. So squire, well met.—I flew to know your
business.

Mid. Why, Pan, this Pol we must bring down on
his knees.

Pan. That were a feat indeed!—a feat to brag on.

Mid. Let's home—we'll there concert it o'er a
flagon.

I'll make him skip—

Pan.

As St. George did the dragon.

A I R

A I R III.

*If into your hen yard
The treacherous Reynard
Steals slyly, your poultry to ravage,
With gun you attack him,
With beagles you track him,
All's fair to destroy the fell savage.*

*So Pol, who comes picking
Up my tender chicken
No means do I scruple to banish,
With pow'r I'll o'erbear him,
With fraud I'll ensnare him,
By hook, or by crook, he shall vanish. [Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

A Lawn before M I D A S's House.

Enter Nyfa.

*Nyf. Good lack! what is come o'er me?
Daphne, has step'd before me!
Envy and love, devour me.
Pol, doats upon her phiz hard
'Tis that sticks in my gizzard.
Midas appears now twenty times more hideous
Ah, Nyfa, what resource?—a cloyster.
Death alive—yet thither must I run,
And turn nun.
Prodigious!*

A I R IV.

*In those greasy old tatters
His charms brighter shine;
Then his guittar he clatters
With tinkling divine:
But, my sister,
Ah! he kist her,
And me he pass'd by;
I'm jealous
Of the fellow's
Bad taste and blind eye.*

S C E N E IV.

M I D A S's Parlour.

Midas, Myfis, and Pan, *in consultation over a large bowl of punch, pipes and tobacco.*

Mid. Come, *Pan*, your toast.—

Pan. Here goes, our noble Umpire,

Myf. And *Pol*'s defeat—I'll pledge it in a bumper.

Mid. Hang him, in every scheme that whelp has
cross'd us.

Myf. Sure he's the devil himself,

Pan. Or doctor Faustus.

Myf. Ah! Squire—for *Pan* wou'd you but stoutly
stickle,

This *Pol* would soon be in a wretched pickle.

Pan. You reason right—

Mid. His toby I shall tickle.

Myf. Look, Squire, I've sold my butter, here it's
price is

At your command, do but this jobb for *Myfis*.

Count 'em.—Six guineas and an old Jacobus

Keep *Pan*, and shame that scape-grace *coram nobis*.

Mid. Goody, as 'tis your request,

I pocket this here stuff,

And, as for that there peasant,

Trust me I'll work his buff.

At the musical struggle

I'll bully and juggle,

My award's

Your sure card,

Blood, he shall fly his country—that's enough.

Pan. Well said, my lad of wax.

Mid. Let's end th' tankard,

I have no head for business till I've drank hard.

Pan. Nor have my brains guts in them till they're
addle,

When I'm most rocky I best sit my saddle.

Mid.

Mid. Well come, let's take one bouze, and roast a catch,

Then part to our affairs.——

Pan. A match.

Myf. A match

A I R V.

Mid. Master Pol

And his toll de-roll-loll,

I'll buffet away from our plain, sir ;

Pan. And I'll assist

Your worship's fist

With all my might and main, sir ;

Myf. And I'll have a thump,

Though he is so plump,

And makes such a woundy racket.

Mid. I'll bluff,

Pan. I'll rough,

Myf. I'll buff,

Mid. I'll cuff,

Omn. And I warrant we pepper his jacket:

Mid. For all his cheats

And wenching feats

He shall rue on his knees 'em;

Or skip, by goles,

As high as Paul's,

Like ugly witch on besom ;

Arraign'd he shall be,

Of treason to me !

Pan. And I with my davy will back it ;

I'll swear,

Mid. I'll snare,

Myf. I'll tear:

Omn. O rare !

And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

S C E N E V.

Enter Sileno and Damætas, in warm argument.

Sil. My Daph a wife for thee ! the squire's base Part-
dar !

To the plantations sooner would I send her.

Dam.

Dam. Sir, your good wife approv'd my offers.

Sil. Name her not, Hag of Endor,
What knew she of thee but by thy coffers?

Dam. And shall this ditch-born whelp, this jack-anapes.

By dint of congees and of scrapes——

Sil. These are thy slanders and that canker'd hag's.——

Dam. A thing made up of pilfer'd rags——

Sil. Richer than thou with all thy brags
Of flocks; and herds, and money bags.

A I R VI.

*If a rival thy character draw
In perfection he'll find out a flaw,
With black he will paint
Make a devil of a saint
And change to an owl a maccaw.*

Dam. Can a father pretend to be wise
Who his friends' good advice will despise?
Who, when danger is nigh,
Throws his spectacles by

And blinks thro' a green girl's eyes?

Sil. You're an impudent pimp and a grub,

Dam. You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub;
Your betters you snub.

Sil. Who will lend me a club,
This insolent puppy to drub?
You're an impudent pimp and a grub,

Dam. You're cajol'd by a beggarly scrub

Sil. Who will rot in a powdering tub,

Dam. Whom the prince of impostors I dub;

Sil. A guinea for a club,

Dam. Your bald pate you'll rub

Sil. This muckworm to drub

Dam. When you find that your cub

Sil. Rub off, firrah, rub, firrah, rub.

Dam. Is debauch'd by a whip'd syllabub.

[Exeunt;

E

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter Myfis attended by Daphne and Nyfa.

Myf. Soh!—you attend the tryal,—we fhall drive
hence

Your vagabond—

Sil. I fmoke your foul contrivance

Daph. Ah *Ny*, our fate depends upon this iffue—

Nyf. Daph.—for your fake, my claim I here forego.
And with your *Pol* much joy I wifh you.

Daph. O, gemini, fay'ft thou me fo?

Dear creature let me kifs you.

Nyf. Let's kneel, and beg his ftay, papa will back
us.

Daph. Mama will ftorm,

Nyf. What then, fhe can but whack us.

A I R VII.

Daph. *Mother, fure you never*
Will endeavour
To diffever
From my favour
So fweet a fwain!
None fo clever
E'er trod the plain.

Nyf. *Father, hopes you gave her,*
Don't deceive her;
Can you leave her
Sunk for ever
In pining care,
Hafte and fave her
From black defpair.

Daph. *Think of his modett grace*
His voice, fhape, and face;

Nyf. *Hearts alarming;*

Daph. *Bofom's warming,*

Nyf. *Wrath difarming,*

Daph. *With his foft lay:*

Nyf. *He's fo charming*

Ab, let him ftay,

Both. *He's fo charming, &c.*

Myf.

Myf. *Sluts, are you lost to shame?*

Sil. *Wife, wife, be more tame.*

Myf. *This is madness!*

Sil. *Sober sadness!*

Myf. *I with gladness*

Cou'd see him swing,

For his badness,

Sil. *'Tis no such thing.*

Dam. *Must Pan resign, to this fop, his employment?*

Must I, to him, yield of Daph. the enjoyment?

Myf. *Ne'er while a tongue I brandish,*

Fop outlandish,

Daph shall blandish.

Dam. *Will you reject my income*

Herds and clinkum.

Sil. *Rot and sink 'em.*

Dam. *Midas must judge,*

Myf. *And Pol must fly.*

Sil. *Zounds, Pol shan't budge,*

Myf. *You lye*

Dam. *You lye,*

Myf. }

Dam. } *You lye, you lye.*

Sil. }

Nyf. *Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and bleak mountains*

Daph. *Pol's lyre suits best our cool grots and clear fountains.*

Nyf. *Pol is young and merry,*

Daph. *Light and airy*

Sil. *As a fairy,*

Nyf. *Pan is old and musty,*

Daph. *Stiff and fusty*

Sil. *Sour and crusty,*

Daph. *Can you banish Pol?*

Nyf. *No, no, no, no.*

Let Pan fall

Daph. *Ay, let him go.*

Nyf. }

Daph. } *Ay, let him go.*

Sil. }

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Midas comes forth enrag'd, attended by a crowd of Nymphs and Swains.

Mid. Peace ho! is hell broke loose? what means
This jawing?
Under my very nose this clapper clawing!

A I R VIII.

*What the devil's here to do
Ye logger-heads, and gypsies?
Sirrah you, and bussey you
And each one of you tipsy is.
But I'll as sure pull down your pride as
A gun, or as I'm justice Midas.*

C H O R U S.

*O tremendous justice Midas,
Who shall oppose wise justice Midas.*
[All fall prostrate,

A I R IX.

Mid. I'm given to understand that you're all in a pother here
Disputing whether Pan or Pol, shall play to you another year.
Dare you think your clumsy lugs so proper to decide as
The delicate ears of justice Midas?

Cho. O tremendous, &c.

Mid. Soh! you allow it then—Ye mobbish rabble?

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Pol and Pan severally.

Oh, here comes *Pol*, and *Pan*—now stint your gabble.
Fetch my great chair—I'll quickly end this squabble.

A I R

A I R X.

*Now I'm seated
 I'll be treated,
 Like the sophi on his throne,
 In my presence
 Scoundrel peasants,
 Shall not call their souls their own.
 My behest is
 He who best is,
 Shall be fix'd musician chief,
 Ne'er the loser,
 Shall shew nose here
 But be transported like a thief.
 Cho. O tremendous, &c.*

Dam. Masters, will you abide by this condition;

Pan. I ask no better

Pol. ——— I am all submission.

Pan. strike up, sweet Sir,

Pol. ——— Sir, I attend your leisure

Mid. Pan take the lead,

Pan. ——— Since 'tis your worship's pleasure.

A I R XI.

*A pox of your pother about this or that,
 Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat;
 I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're flat, master Pol,
 So here goes a set-to at toll-de-roll-loll.
 When Beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,
 And after miss Will o' the Wisp the fools scamper,
 Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol;
 Pray what's all this fuss for, but---toll-de-roll-loll.
 Mankind are a medley——a chance medley race,
 All start in full cry to give dame Fortune chase;
 There's catch as catch can, hit or miss luck is all,
 And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll-loll.
 I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long,
 I only meant life is but an old song;
 The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll,
 Where all act the scene of toll-loll-de-roll-loll.*

Mid. By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age;
How, hang dog, don't you blush to shew your visage?

Pol. Why, master Midas, for that matter,

'Tis enough to dash one,

To hear the arbitrator,

In such unseemly fashion

One of the candidates bespatter,

With so much partial passion.

[*Midas falls asleep.*]

A I R XII.

Ab, happy hours, how fleeting

Ye danc'd on down away;

When my soft vows repeating

At Daphne's feet I lay.

But, from her charms when sunder'd

As Midas frowns presage,

Each hour will seem an hundred,

Each day appear an age.

Mid. Silence——this just decree all, at your peril
Obedient hear,——else I shall use you very ill.

T H E D E C R E E.

Pan shall remain.

Pol quit the plain.

Chorus, Oh tremendous, &c.

Mid. All bow with me to mighty Pan—enthroned
 him.——

No pouting——and with festal chorus crown him!——

[*The crowd form two ranks beside the chair, and join
 in the chorus, whilst Midas crowns him with bays.*]

C H O R U S.

See triumphant sits the bard

Crown'd with bays, his due reward,

Exil'd Pol shall wander far,

Exil'd twang his faint guittar,

While, with echoing shouts of praise

We the bagpipe's glory raise.

M I D A S.

Mid. 'Tis well!—what keeps you here—you ragi-muffin?

Go trudge—or do you wait for a good cuffing?

Pol. Now, all attend—[*throws off his disguise and appears as Apollo.*] The wrath of Jove, for rapine, Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping. Tremble, thou wretch—Thou'lt stretch'd thy utmost tether,
Thou, and thy tools shall go to pot together.

A I R XIII.

*Dunce, I did but sham,
For Apollo I am,
God of music and king of Parnass:
Thy scurvy decree
For Pan against me,
I reward with the ears of an ass.*

Mid. Detected, baulk'd, and small,
On our marrow bones we fall.

Myf. Be merciful,

Dam. Be pitiful,

Mid. Forgive us, mighty Sol——Alas, alas!

<i>Pol.</i>	<i>Thou a Billingsgate quean, Thou a pander obscene With strumpets and bailiffs shall class Thou, driven from man Shalt wander with Pan, He a stinking old goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.</i>	[<i>to Myf.</i> [<i>to Dam.</i> [<i>to Mid.</i>
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<i>Apol.</i>	<i>Be thou squire——his estate To thee I translate. To you his strong chests, wicked mafs, Live happy, while I, Recall'd to the sky, Make all the Gods laugh at Midas.</i>	[<i>to Sid.</i> { <i>to Daph.</i> <i>and Nyssa.</i>
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Daph.

Daph. } *Together with* { To the bright God of day
Sil. } *the other nymphs* { Let us dance, sing, and play,
Nys. } *and swains.* { Clap hands every lad with his lase
Daph. } { Now criticks lye snug,
 Not a his, groan, or shrug,
 Remember the fate of Midas,
 Midas,
 Remember the fate of Midas.

C H O R U S.

Now criticks lye snug, &c.

F I N I S

4 AP 54

